"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE EXECUTION OF JULIUS GUIRLAUDA.

How softly fell the moonlight on the waters of Venice. It was in the solemn hour of midnight, amid the silence and romantic stillness of that majestic city, two gondolas were seen rowing out on the queen of waters, carrying a victim of religious persecution, who for nearly twenty long years had been immured in a dungeon for asserting the *Unity of God*. In vain had the Church pleaded and expostulated with this supposed heretic. He had been one of a band of forty students of the scriptures, who lived in the dawn of the Reformation, who had been dispersed in Venice and hunted down, the most of them having escaped to foreign lands. Julius Guirlauda, with another, was taken prisoner, and as he denied not his Unitarian sentiments, his liberty was gone for ever. A dark cell was his home, and the punishment of death his doom, if he failed to recant. It is sad to think that then Protestant persecuted Protestant, and that Melancthon is not held guiltless for writing a letter in 1539 to the Senate of Venice to put them on their guard against several Italians who had renounced the doctrine of the Trinity. He had heard that there were in Venice men of the first rank, and of the highest literary distinction, who were Unitarians. Till this time there had not been one Protestant martyr in Venice, and how well it would have been if the stones of that ancient city had never witnessed one such victim walking along its streets to death. It appears that drowning in the Adriatic was the plan agreed on by the authorities of Venice for extinguishing heresy. So then it was at midnight, on the 19th of October, 1562, the gondolas and their watermen might have been seen making from the shore for this sad office. Two boats were employed that a plank might be laid between the boats, and the poor victim on board, after having his feet loaded with heavy weights, so that he might more rapidly sink, was ordered to rise and walk up to the plank. There was certainly something in this method of destroying life calculated to excite horror; out on the quiet waters in the middle of the night, with the silence of nature all around; the executioner, the priest, and the watermen, miserable comforters, yet brothers all according to the fiat of heaven and the teaching of Christ. They had now arrived beyond the Two Castles, the plank is laid, and the signal is given, Julius Guirlauda, faithful to the end, makes no sign of repentance, has no recantation to sign. He knows in whom he has believed; at peace with his own conscience and at peace with God, when he set his feet upon the plank it is said "he did it cheerfully," and took a farewell of the captain. Like Stephen, the first martyr at Jerusalem, so the first Protestant martyr at Venice called on the Lord Jesus to receive his spirit. The boats moved apart, and down sunk the body of a noble man, more willing to die than to lie: and who can now doubt ere the priest had returned to his guilty comrades in the city, the spirit of this brave man had mounted to heaven to join those who had passed through great tribulation, and who are for ever before the throne of God? We should not lose sight of those martyrs for religious truth; and we now remember it was on the 27th of October, 1553, that Servetus was put to death by burning in Geneva for denying the doctrine of the Trinity. For this Calvin has been much blamed, and some one has said:—

"Ferocious Calvin, to decide the strife,
Resolved to take his hated rival's life;
Stained with no crime, but that the sturdy elf,
Reasoned from Scripture better than himself."

TWO CAPTURES OF JERUSALEM.

The effect which the first sight of Jerusalem had upon the Crusaders is related by Mr. Mills, in his history of the Crusades, in the following picturesque manner:—

"On the 3rd day after their arrival at Ramula, sixteen miles from the grand object of their enterprise, the soldiers and the people took the road to Jerusalem, and soon reached the town which, in the history of its sacred and its Roman days, had assumed the different names of Emmaus and Nicopolis. The holy city was then in view; every heart glowed with rapture; every eye was bathed in tears. The word Jerusalem was repeated in tumultuous wonder by a thousand tongues; and those who first beheld the blessed spot, called their friends to witness the glorious sight. All past pains were forgotten; a moment's happiness outweighed years of sorrow. In their warm imaginations the sepulchre was redeemed, and the cross triumphed over the crescent. But with that rapidity of thought which distinguishes minds when strongly agitated by passion, the joy of the stranger, and the fierceness of the warrior, were changed in a moment for religious ideas and feelings. Jerusalem was the scene of the resurrection of Christ, and therefore the subject of holy rejoicing. But it was the place of his suffering also; and true devotion, full of self-abasement and gratitude, is as strongly affected by the causes and circumstances, as the consequences of the great sacrifice. The soldier became in an instant the simple pilgrim; his lance and sword were thrown aside; he wept over the ground which, he said, his Saviour had wept over; and it was only with naked feet that he could worthily approach the seat of man's redemption."

Of the millions of fanatics who had vowed to rescue the sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, 40,000 only encamped before Jerusalem; and of these remains of the champions of the cross, 21,000 and 500 were soldiers, 20,000 foot and 1500 cavalry. The destruction of more than 850,000 Europeans had purchased the possession of Nice, Antioch, and Edessa.

The siege of Jerusalem was long and bloody; but on the 15th of July, 1099, the Christians, after a laborious and sanguinary conflict, made themselves masters of it by storm, and their triumph was signalised and disgraced by the most outrageous and remorseless slaughter of the vanquished Moslems.

"The massacre of the Saracens," says Mr. Mills, "on the capture of the holy city, did not proceed from the inflamed passions of victorious soldiers, but from remorseless fanaticism. Benevolence to Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics was no part of the piety of the day; and as the Mussulmans in their consciences believed that it was the will of heaven that the religion of Mohammed should be propagated by the sword, so the Christians were under the mental delusion that they were the ministers of God's wrath on disobedient man. It was resolved that no pity should be shown to the Mussulmen; and the most humane justified the determination by the opinion that, in conjunction with the Saracens of Egypt, they might molest the Christians, and recover the city. The subjugated people were, therefore, dragged into the public places, and slain as victims. Women, with children at the breast, girls and boys, all were slaughtered. No heart melted into compassion, or expanded into benevolence. The city was washed, and the melancholy task was performed by some Saracenian slaves." The number which perished upon this occasion was undoubtedly very great, but we have no means of ascertaining, with any degree of precision, what was its amount."

Such is the account we have of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders. It remained in the possession of the Christians eighty-eight years only; for in the month of October, 1187, it was re-captured by Saladin, after an obstinate and bloody resistance of fourteen days.

"Saladin declared his unwillingness to stain with human blood a spot which even the Turks held in reverence, as having been sanctified by the presence of many of God's messengers. He offered the people, on condition of the surrender of the city, money and settlements in Syria. Prudence accepted this offer, but, clinging to that feeling of superstition which had given birth to the holy wars, the Christians declared that they would not resign to the infidels the place where the Saviour had died. Saladin was indignant at this re-

jection of his kindness, and swore to enter the place sword in hand, and retaliate the dreadful carnage which the Franks had made under Godfrey of Bouillon."

After fourteen days' bloody and useless opposition the disheartened Latins recollected the proffered clemency of Saladin, and a deputation of them implored a renewal of it. But he urged the force of the oath which he had taken, and that it was ridiculous to capitulate for a fallen town. "But," said he, "if you will surrender the city to me, I will behave to you with mercy, and allow you to redeem the inhabitants." After some deliberation, the Christians resolved to trust the generosity of the conqueror. Saladin stipulated that the military and nobles should be escorted to Tyre, and that the Latin population should become slaves if they were not redeemed at the rate of ten crowns of gold for a man, five for a woman, and one for a child.

After four days had been consumed by the miserable inhabitants in weeping over and embracing the holy sepulchre and other sacred places, the Latins left the city, and passed through the enemy's camp. Children of all ages clung round their mothers, and the strength of the fathers was used in bearing away some little portion of their household furniture. In solemn procession, the clergy, the queen, and her ladies, followed. Saladin advanced to meet them, and his heart melted with compassion when they approached him in the attitude and with the air of suppliants. The softened warrior uttered some words of pity, and the women, encouraged by his sympathising tenderness, declared that one word of his would remove their distress. "Our fortunes and possessions," they continued, "you may freely enjoy; but restore to us our fathers, our husbands, and our brothers. With these dear objects we cannot be entirely miserable. They will take care of us, and that God whom we reverence, and who provides for the birds of the air, will not forget our children." It is the generous remark of an enemy that Saladin was in nothing a barbarian but in name. With courteous clemency he released all the prisoners whom the women requested, and loaded them with presents. This action, worthy of the gentlest Christian knight, was not the consequence of a transient feeling of humanity; for when he entered Jerusalem, and heard of the tender care with which the military friars of St. John treated the sick, he allowed ten of the order to remain in their hospital till they could complete their work of humanity.

MARY ANN GALTON.

"When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?"

In a large mansion, situated near Ban Beacon, the highest point in Staffordshire, a little girl named Mary Ann Galton lived more than eighty years ago. She was a kind and generous child, and very thoughtful, caring little for amusements, but seeking the society of those older than herself.

When she was not more than eight years old she was often in the company of philosophers and literary men. They noticed her often, and she became somewhat conceited and pragmatical, but she acquired a taste for good society in the highest sense of the word, and when years brought clearer insight she compared their excellences with her now short-comings, and learned many a lesson of humility.

The subjects of interest that attracted Mary Ann were inexhaustible. She was fond of natural history. Birds of various sorts abounded in the neighbourhood of Ban. Her father was a botanist, and encouraged her love of flowers. Her parents were highly intellectual, and gave her every advantage of education. They were wealthy, and luxury was at the little girl's command. She had but one want unfulfilled—and that neither her parents nor wealth could give her—and that want was health.

At one time she was seized with an unusual malady in a child—spasmodic asthma—one which I trust my young friends will never have to suffer from. It is attended with much pain and difficulty of breathing, and in Mary Ann's case laid the foundation of a trying timidity and nervousness which was a source of much trial through life.

During this illness Mrs. Galton did everything that a loving mother could to alleviate the sufferings of her little girl. She brought her shells, taught her to name and classify them, amused her by telling all that was known of their inhabitants, and with all

kinds of loving talk tried to beguile the time, and direct her thoughts as much as possible from her bodily pain.

But Mary Ann was not patient: she had often thought of God's loving kindness when all went well with her, but she could not realise it when she suffered. Why should she be marked out for such a heavy trial? What had she done that this affliction should come on her? If God were really good, why was he not good to her? Her sisters were in perfect health, but she must be put aside, and not even be able to walk about in the beautiful grounds that surrounded the house.

One day, when in some such way she was bitterly complaining, her mother took her on her lap and told her the following story:—

"There was once a slave called Æsop; his master, who was a Persian king, was very fond of him, and gave him every day all he could wish for, so that Æsop was obedient and loved his master, and thanked him continually. A courtier to whom the king had praised Æsop answered, 'Well may he love thee, O king, for thou loadest him with all he can desire; but try him with some painful thing, and then thou wilt see what his love is worth!' Now in the king's garden there grew a nauseous and bitter melon, the stench of which was such that few could bear to approach it. The king told Æsop to go and cut one of the melons, and eat every bit of it. Æsop accordingly cut the fruit, the largest he could find, and ate every bit of it. The wily courtier said to Æsop, 'How can you bear to swallow such a nauseous fruit?' He answered, 'My dear master has done nothing but load me with benefits every day of my life, and shall I not, for his sake, eat one bitter fruit without complaint or asking the reason why?'"

This story, told at such a time, made an indelible impression on Mary Ann's mind. She never forgot it. She became a valuable and useful woman, and during much suffering and privation that she was called on to bear during a long, protracted life, she always strove to thank God for the blessings which so far outnumber the trials. She realised in a remarkable degree the loving providence of God, and hurried to him as to an unfailing refuge when friends were faithless and wealth failed, and when the dearest objects of her affection were taken from her by the hand of death.

WITNESSES AGAINST ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

Among other matters of interest in the life of H. C. Robinson, we have the testimony of several distinguished persons against the above doctrine, and we hope before the close of this century every preacher of the gospel will be more ashamed that such a doctrine has ever been proclaimed than that the infallibility of the pope has ever been asserted. One unduly honours man, and the other degrades the all-merciful God.

Southey.—In one of his letters, Southey thus expressed himself: "I cannot believe in an eternity of hell. I hope God will forgive me if I err, but in this matter I cannot say, 'Lord, help thou mine unbelief.'"—*H. C. Robinson's Diary*, vol. ii. 315.

Coleridge.—I was shown a letter by Coleridge on the future state, with a strong bearing against the idea of eternal suffering.—vol. iii, 99.

Wordsworth.—Wordsworth declared, in strong terms, his disbelief of eternal punishment; which Faber did not attempt to defend.

Lady Byron writes to Mr. Robinson: "I must confess to intolerance of opinion as to these two points—*eternal* evil in any form, and (involved in it) *eternal* suffering. To believe in these would take away my God, who is all-loving. With a God with whom omnipotence and omniscience were all, evil might be eternal.

Clarkson, who put a stop to the slave-trade. "Mr. Clarkson gave me to read a MS. drawn up for his daughter-in-law, containing a summary of religious doctrines from the lips of Jesus Christ. The chapter on future punishments particularly interested me; but I found that Mr. Clarkson had, contrary to his intention, written so as to imply his belief in the eternity of future punishment, which he does *not* believe. He was anxious to alter this in his own hand, and with great difficulty made the necessary alteration in one place. He was old and nearly blind."

". . . Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator I

have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . . Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realise themselves. 'The worst of it is, I *do* believe,' he said."—*Extract from a Letter of Lady Byron*, March, 1855.

[To the above we can add the testimony of many of the most pure minded and intelligent of mankind, whose names are an honour and strength to any cause.]

"The dreadful dogma is not to be found in Christianity. It is the most vain, most pernicious, most groundless conceit."—*Jeremy Bentham.*

"Endless punishment, hopeless misery, I acknowledge my inability to admit this belief together with a belief in the divine goodness."—*Rev. John Forster.*

"I cannot comprehend how an eternity of punishment is compatible with the goodness of God."—*La Fontaine.*

"If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment I would not do it; for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion than God monstrous; and we make him monstrous when we make him the author of eternal punishment."—*Leigh Hunt.*

"Think what a moment life is! think of those awful ages of eternity! and then think of all God's power and knowledge used on the lost to make them suffer! think that all but the merest fragment of mankind have gone into this—are in it now . . . This is all that the greater part of the human race have been used for yet; and it is all right because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out by it! It is *not* right. No possible amount of good to ever so many can make it right to deprive ever so few—happiness and misery cannot be measured so! I never can think it right—*never!*" — *Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

"When I consider the boundless nature of eternity, when I consider the limited durability of man, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that the sins of a few brief years are to be punished throughout a duration that has no end."—*Thomas Dick, LL.D.*

"We shall all meet finally; we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness."—*Dr. Priestley.*

"The infinitely powerful and perfect must necessarily subject, draw, and unite all intelligent beings to himself, to make them as happy as their respective natures can admit."—*Dr. Cheyne.*

"God is love; all his works are works of love; all his creatures productions of love; all punishments, yea, even the most dreadful judgments, spring from this essential principle of the divine nature."—*Paul Siegvolk.*

"God can never punish any man more than is necessary for his reformation. He cannot mistake in the choice of his means, and must always reach his end. He would appear less lovely if one creature should be for ever miserable."—*Steinbart.*

"God punishes not for the common good only, but also for the reformation of the sufferer; which being accomplished, punishment has no further use. It was designed to produce the love and practice of virtue; and when these are produced, it must give place to the happy consequences of amendment."—*Eberhard.*

"Vindictive justice in the Deity is, I own, no article in my creed. All punishment in the hands of an infinitely wise and good being, I think, must be medicinal."—*Wm. Duncombe.*

"God is love; and he would rather not have given life than render that life a torment and curse to all eternity."—*Bishop Thomas Newton.*

"It is impossible that misery, sin, and discord can be eternal."—*Mrs. Alison Cockburn.*

"Human nature abhors the very name of eternal punishment, which sets before our eyes a spectacle of insatiable, implacable revenge; and this for no manner of profit or hope of amendment."—*Dr. Burnet.*

"Providence is merciful, even in punishment, the infliction of which is the commencement of future good."—*Dr. Lettsom.*

"God is our Creator, Preserver, Governor, Friend, and Father. Shall, then, a Creator, who is a Friend and Father, create for eternal, infinite misery? Will not the Governor and Judge of all the earth do right?"—*Dr. David Hartley.*

"God's goodness upholds and preserves all things, both of the outward creation and

man's moral existence ; and though evil is permitted, it neither mars nor deranges the great plan of universal Providence. Evil is but of time ; good of eternity."—*Mary Howitt.*

"It is a glorious thought to cherish in one's own heart (the salvation of all), and I would not part with it for all the world can give."—*The Misses Bronte.*

"God is Love. He will, therefore, never cease to desire the delivery of every man ; here, there, in eternity he will labour for it. God is the only principle ever the same, ever active. Oh, certainly the time will come when the Son shall have subdued all to the Father."—*Fredrika Bremer.*

RELIGION.

It is not my province to tell you which creed or church is superior to all others, nor yet to argue that all of them are equally good, nor that belief and unbelief are of no practical account. On this head I will only say, generally, that the good son of virtuous, intelligent parents, will be very apt to abide in their faith and communion until he is quite sure that his understanding is mature, and his knowledge as to facts and principles at least equal to theirs. What I would wish to urge is this—that one essential, fundamental base of a noble career, in my view, is a firm, clear, living conviction that the universe is no accident—no casual product of fate or chance, or the fortuitous concourse of atoms—but the Creation of an omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent Will.

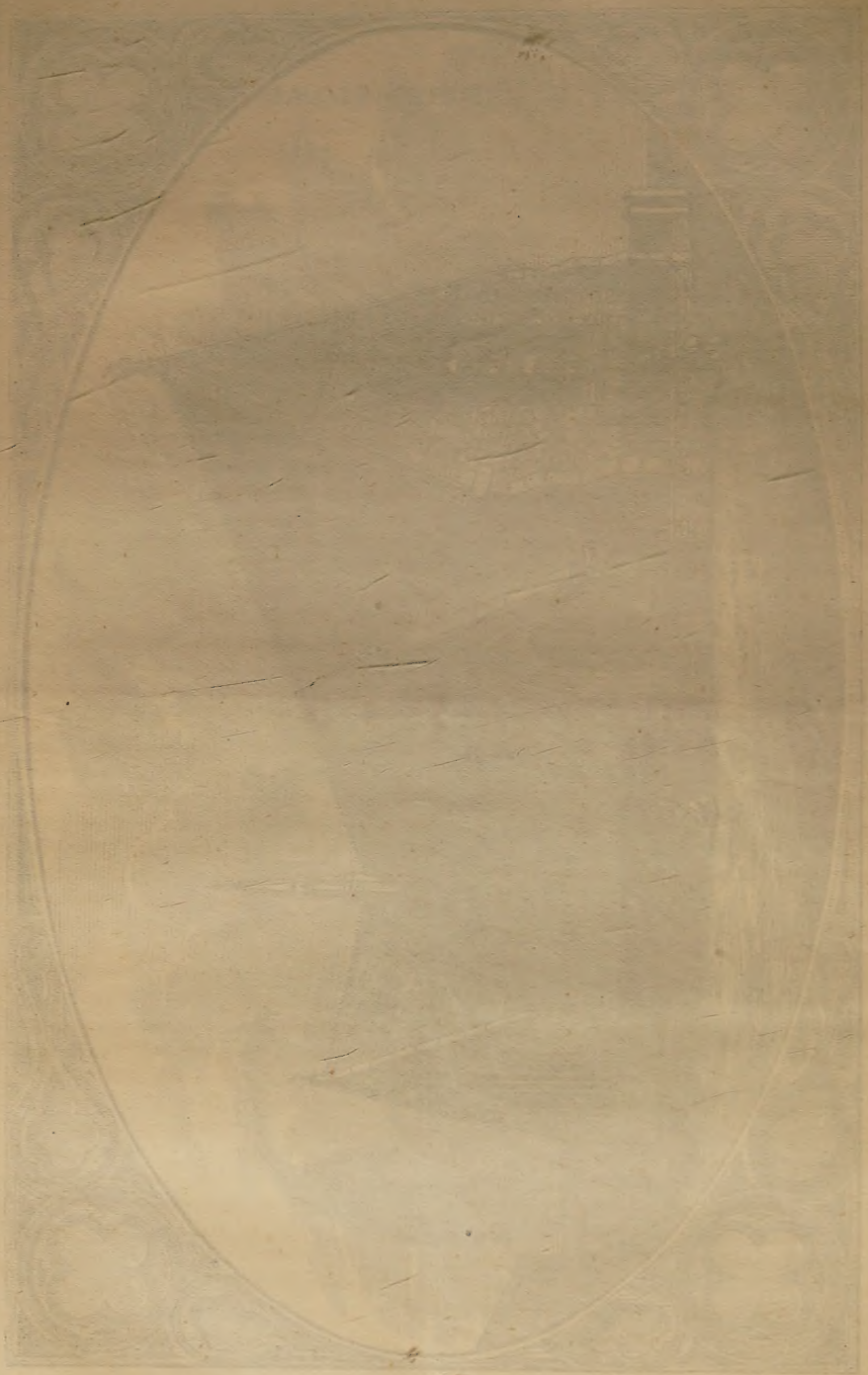
No man is old enough, or wise enough, to solve all the problems presented to finite minds by what we see and know. If the universe has a Creator, must there not have been a time when it did not exist? If God made all things but himself, must He not have previously existed alone? And must not Infinity have been enlarged by the subsequent calling of the material universe into being? Thus, Question after question may be asked, to which no satisfactory answer can be given, and with reference to which we can only say with Tennyson,

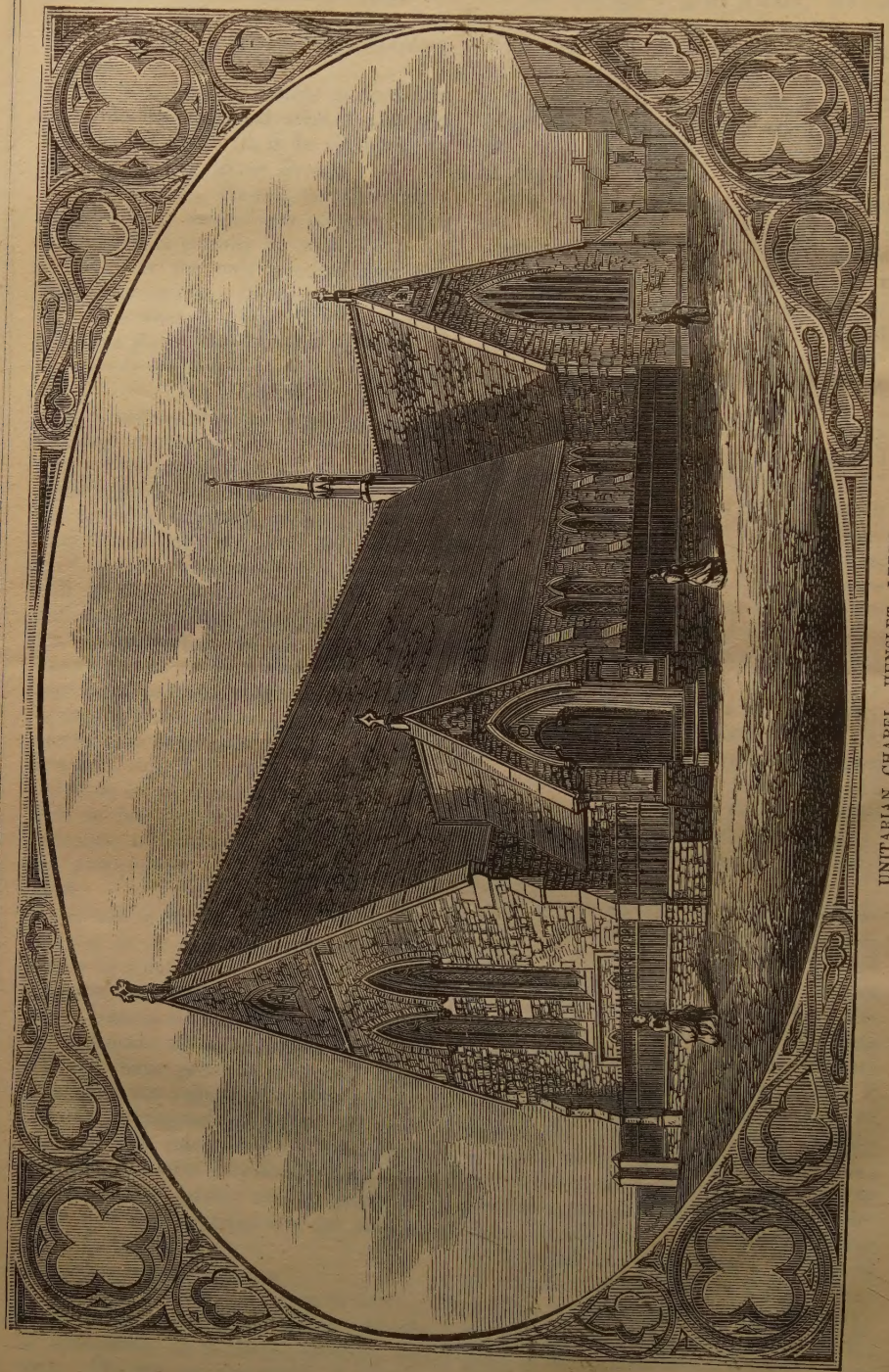
"I sink upon the altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

But when we quit the dreary domain of speculation all is simple, cheerful, certain. We are not the waifs of Chance, the slaves of Necessity. "Though now we see through a glass darkly," we can yet see enough to render it certain that we are children of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Parent—too wise and too loving to permit us to defy his laws with impunity. He must punish every aberration from the strait and narrow path of righteousness—that is, rectitude—he would not be absolutely good if he did not. To permit us to do wrong with impunity—to break his laws and secure thereby seeming personal advantage or gratification, at the expense of general injury—would be to resign his benignant sceptre, and allow the world to drift helplessly toward chaos and the unfathomable abyss.

The vital truth is tersely summed up by the Psalmist, in the statement, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" That is the one great, fatal mistake, which covers our globe with misery and woe. But for this there could be no libertine, no thief, no drunkard, no heinous transgressor. The conceit that God's justice may be somehow evaded, circumvented—that the pleasures of sin may be enjoyed and its penalties somehow escaped—is a form of qualified Atheism, immensely more prevalent and more baneful than any other. It is the omnipresent prompter of greed and lust, and indolence, and knavery. Less palpably absurd than the notion that nothing originated everything, it is more widely cherished, more vastly injurious.

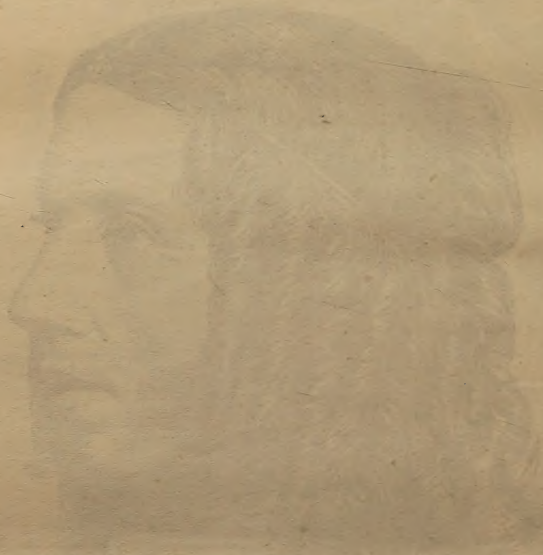
Let no one harbour a doubt of the universality, the inexorable, unavoidable certainty of Retribution! In spite of all deceiving appearances, we reap as we have sown, and receive as we have deserved. The succession of effect to cause is not always instant nor obvious—appearances may often seem to ignore or defy it as plainly as the sun seems to revolve around the earth ; but the truth is only obscured, never subverted. God reigns ; that is the great, first truth. He does not merely contemplate and oversee ; he designs, directs, and decrees, and is never disconcerted nor disappointed. What to us are aberrations, defeats, disasters, are to Him, "who foreseeth the end from the beginning," but steps toward the fulfilment of his transcendent, beneficent purposes of universal good.—*Horace Greeley.*





UNITARIAN CHAPEL, HUNSLET, LEEDS.

MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.



UNITARIAN CHAPEL, HUNSLET, LEEDS.

This chapel, erected by the Mill Hill congregation, Leeds, at a cost of £2250 (inclusive of £145 raised by the new congregation), was opened August 26th, 1868, by the Rev. C. Wicksteed, B.A., of Liverpool. The internal arrangement is similar to that at Heywood. The chapel, containing about 260 sittings, is separated from the school-room, which occupies the position of transepts, by a screen, which, when required, can be removed, and accommodation would then be provided for upwards of 500 people.

The movement for raising a second congregation in Leeds originated with the Rev. T. Hincks, B.A., who induced a number of the teachers of the Mill Hill Sunday-school to open a Sunday-school and distribute tracts in the Hunslet district. The school was commenced in March, 1863, and from time to time week-evening lectures illustrative of Unitarianism were delivered by the Rev. T. Hincks and the Rev. R. Wilkinson, of Holbeck. In January, 1865, the Rev. T. R. Elliott, the present minister, was appointed, and Sunday services began to be held. The limits of the room at first occupied, which was both small and ill-adapted, were very soon outgrown, and the erection of the present handsome and commodious place of worship was the result.

The church is conducted on the free-seat system. At first the offertory was collected at every service, but a strong objection to it having been raised it was discontinued, and voluntary subscriptions substituted. Already a congregation which frequently fills the place, and is both zealous and active, has been gathered; and there is a Sunday-school, numbering about 150 scholars and 26 teachers. Although the district contains few rich people, having an almost entirely working-class population, somewhat migratory in its habits, what has already been done gives fair promise of a self-supporting congregation being ultimately raised.

MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

We rank Mrs. Stowe among the ablest co-workers of a second religious reformation. In her writings she has assailed the popular doctrines of orthodoxy. At the present moment she has won an unfortunate celebrity through an article on Byron.

MORAL RESULTS OF ROMANISM.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Divine Teacher: and when the Roman Catholic Church is weighed in this balance it is startling, for the moral weal of the world, if it be gaining ground. We have shown in a former series of articles—"Social Statistics and Moral Facts"—the ignorance and degradation of the people in Roman Catholic countries, and we have now a few more figures to add, taken from official records. Let us first notice the homicides registered in one year:—

Homicides in		
Roman Cath. Ireland,	19	to 1,000,000.
„ „ Belgium,	18	„
„ „ France,	31	„
„ „ Austria,	36	„
„ „ Bavaria,	68	„
„ „ Sardinia,	20	„
„ „ Lombardy,	45	„
„ „ Tuscany,	56	„
The Papal States,	113	„
Roman Catholic Sicily,	90	„
„ „ Naples,	174	„
Protestant England,	4	„
Illegitimate births in		
Roman Catholic Paris,	33	per cent.
„ „ Brussels,	35	„
„ „ Munich,	48	„
„ „ Vienna,	51	„
Protestant London,	4	„

Might not the Œcumenical Council discuss the why and the wherefore of this question of the comparative moral conditions of Protestant and Catholic communities? For here is a practical argument of overwhelming force which scatters to the winds all that may be said in favour of Sisters of Mercy, as there would be less need of mercy if there were more righteousness. Again, under the head of a more serious crime, *i.e.*, murder, let us just compare France and England in one year, and the following is the official statement:—

In France the convictions were:—

Murder	80
Attempts at murder	36
Assassination	117
Attempts at assassination	50
Parricide and attempts	11
Infanticide and attempts	148
Poisoning and attempts	16
	458

In England:—	
Murder	16
Attempts at murder . .	8
Parricide	1
Infanticide	9
	34

In France, 12 convictions to each million.

In England, 1½ to each million.

We confess to no fear about the triumph of the Roman Catholic Church, for the facts against her are as palpable as the light of noon-day. Nations like England, which she annually curses, are blessed with freedom, and the advantages of better life: the nations and sovereigns she blesses are doomed to ignorance and shame. The infatuated Roman Catholic princes and priests are driven away before an advancing civilisation.

We shall not deny that the Roman Catholic religion has done some service for humanity; but it is clear, when compared with the reformed religion, it is utterly distanced in works of real permanent usefulness. It has frowned on education, threatened political reform, persecuted science, and done its utmost to anchor the civilisation of the world in medieval darkness. Its system of whitewashing character, through the confessional, is a palpable evil which comes to light in such statistics as are now before us. It behoves every one anxious for the moral welfare of the people to see and know these things.

THE KISS.

The custom of kissing has in all ages been used to express the tenderest emotions of the heart. The custom probably originated with our first parents when newly created, full of love and innocence, before death and sin came into the world. Adam, looking on our first mother, the most beautiful of created beings, "pressed her matron lips with kisses pure."

Kissing is often mentioned in the Bible as the token of tenderest love. David says, "Kiss the son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little." And again he uses the beautiful metaphor, "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." In Proverbs we have this: "The kisses of an enemy are deceitful"—showing that the kiss should express friendship and love. In the Song of Solomon the bride praiseth her beloved in this impassioned language: "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for his love is better than wine."

Who of us does not recall, with a feeling of love and tenderness, a mother's kiss? Sweetest of all recollections! taking us back to the time when all was bright and beautiful, and awakening all the better feelings of nature; making us less worldly, and better fitted for the world of love!

In ancient Rome kissing was an act of religion. The nearest relative of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of death. Spenser, in his "Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sydney," mentions it as a circumstance which renders the death of his friend much to be regretted, that—

> "None were nigh his eyelids up to close,
> And kiss his lips."

The early Christians considered the kiss of peace a sacred ceremony; it was called the "Seal of Prayer." The kiss had all the virtue of a bond granted as a seal of the ceremony of betrothing. The gentle Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract with a kiss.

> "And seal the bargain with a holy kiss."

The same lady, in great remorse for having torn a letter of Proteus, exclaims,—

> "I'll kiss each separate paper for amends."

The first kiss of love has formed the theme of the most beautiful effusions of the poets, and is thus expressed by the immortal Burns:—

> "Humid seal of soft affection,
> Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
> Dearest tie of young connection,
> Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!
> Speaking silence, dumb confession,
> Passion's birth and infant play,
> Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
> Glowing dawn of brighter day."

And by the true poetess, Mrs. Browning, it is expressed in the following lines:—

> "First time he kissed me, but he only kissed
> The finger on the hand wherewith I write,
> And ever since it grew more clear and white,
> Slow to world's greetings, sweet with its, 'Oh, list!'
> When th' angels speak. A ring of amethyst
> I could not wear here plainer to my sight
> Than that first kiss."

NEW UNITARIAN CHURCH AT OSSETT.

We cannot too highly commend the Unitarians in the West Riding of Yorkshire for their zeal and liberality to promote religious truth. This new Iron church, we are told, will be open before the close of this year, in Ossett, near Wakefield, by the Band of Faith Mission, under the superintendence of the Rev. Goodwyn Barmby. Our preachers a year ago were deprived of their meeting-house, and are thus compelled to raise a building for the distinct purpose of Unitarian worship. The sum of £150 is still needed to enable our friends to open their chapel free of debt. We trust our readers will render some help by sending contributions to the Rev. Goodwyn Barmby, of Wakefield.

We may add for those who know nothing of the Band of Faith, the members are zealous Unitarians, joined together for the purpose of preaching, and distributing our tracts and papers.

MY PSALM.

I mourn no more my vanished years,
Beneath a tender rain—
An April rain, of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind,
I look with hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
The best of now, and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff; I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away,
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to Heaven,
And the pale aster, in the brook
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days, in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed, and word,
Rebuke an age of wrong,
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Not less my heart for others feel,
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give, or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back.

That more and more, a Providence
Of love, is understood,
Making the springs of time, and sense,
Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That love and trial seems at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges ever past,
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a Psalm,
And all the angels of its strife,
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day! WHITTIER.

FOR BOTH PEW AND PULPIT.

THE following extracts have been sent us by two different friends for both preachers and hearers; they are unquestionably worthy of mental digestion. The first aims at reformation in the pew, the second at reformation in the pulpit. Both are addressed to the minister:—

"Be patient toward those loiterers and lingerers who come too late to public worship. They are a trial; for some of them live quite near the sanctuary, and it would cost but a slight exertion to be prompt to the time. Bear with them. They will all get in by and by, and then, besides the comfort of having been patient, you can enjoy the pleasure of thankfulness, that they are in at last.

"Be patient with the sleepers. Perhaps they have never yet awaked to the fact that the house of God is not the most proper place to enjoy a nap. They may awake soon enough to hear the conclusion of your discourse, and to hear the better for their refreshing slumber. It is a consoling thought that you can call upon them during the week, and, taking your sermon in your pocket, you can inquire if they would not like to hear what they so unfortunately lost.

Show sweet patience also towards that man who demonstrates his interest in the close of worship by various timely preparations. Incipient steps are taken during the last singing. He buttons his coat, puts on his gloves, looks after his hat, grasps his whip or his cane, &c.—all this before the benediction. During that he opens the door of his pew, ready for a leap into the aisle, and the benediction is scarcely pronounced when he begins his flight homewards. One would think from his haste that his life depended on the despatch with which he could leave the sanctuary behind him. Bear with him."

The second paper says:—

"I want to add something about our pulpit manners.

"It isn't a little thing I have to speak of, but a great one. It isn't a light offence I have to complain of, but a serious one.

"How can a minister expect his congregation to behave well if he does not behave well himself? How can he expect them to sit gravely and devoutly in their pews through the service when he fails to set them a proper example?

"There are ministers who, when the congregation rises—as every congregation ought always to rise—during the singing of the hymns, instead of rising reverently with them lounge lazily in their seats, or engage in some wholly foreign occupation. Such conduct may be excusable in the cases where congregations are indecorous and unworshipful enough to turn their backs to the pulpits, but on no other ground.

"There are ministers so forgetful or so ignorant of the simple proprieties of the sanctuary as to look over and patch up their sermons in the pulpit. As if they could not find five or ten extra minutes for these things in their studies!

"There are ministers who, instead of devoutly worshipping God with the people from the beginning to the end of the devotional service, seize upon every spare moment to look about the church and find out who's there and who isn't. I wonder if they remember the sin of numbering Israel.

"Hasn't the pulpit something to learn in these matters from the pews. This is my little boomerang. I only hope it has hit somebody. I won't complain if I find it whirling back upon my own head."

FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

The Scriptures have been translated into 148 languages and dialects, of which 121 had, prior to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, never appeared. And twenty-five of these languages existed without an alphabet, in an oral form. Upwards of 43,000,000 of those copies of God's word are circulated among not less than 600,000,000 people.

The Old Testament contains thirty-nine books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,439 words, 2,738,100 letters.

The New Testament contains twenty-seven books, 260 chapters, 7950 verses, 182,253 words, 933,380 letters.

The name of Jehovah or Lord occurs 6855 times in the Old Testament.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,643 times.

The middle chapter is the 29th of Job.

The middle verse is 2nd Chronicles, 20th chapter, 17th verse.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans 13th and 14th.

The middle verse is Acts ii. 7.

The middle chapter and the least in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse in the Bible is Psalm cxviii., 8.

The least verse in the Old Testament is 1st Chronicles i., 1.

The least verse in the Bible is John xi., 35.

The 19th chapter of 2nd Kings, and Isaiah xxxvi., are the same.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A day's journey was 33 1-5 miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was 11ft. nearly.

A cubit is 22in. nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A homer contains seventy-five gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

A dog was one-half pint.

In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra are all the letters of the alphabet, i and j being considered as one.

The Apochrypha (not canonical, but sometimes bound between the Old Testament and the New) contains fourteen books, 183 chapters, 15,081 verses, 152, 185 words.

The preceding facts were ascertained by a gentleman in 1718. Also by an Englishman residing at Amsterdam, in 1772, and it is said to have taken each gentleman nearly three years in the investigation.

There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottingen written on 5476 palm leaves.

THE CHILD'S POCKET ETIQUETTE.

IN TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I. Always say, Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good night. Good morning. Use no slang terms. Remember that good spelling, reading, writing, and grammar, is the base of all true education.

II. Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger-nails, indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything and everything in its place.

III. Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company. Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

IV. Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

V. At table eat with your fork ; sit up straight ; never use your toothpick ; and when leaving ask to be excused.

VI. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or table.

VII. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. When conversing listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other has finished.

VIII. Never whisper or talk at the meeting, opera, theatre, or public place, and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing.

IX. Long coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing, blowing, is ill-mannered. In every case cover your mouth with your handkerchief (which never examine—nothing is more vulgar, except spitting on the floor).

X. Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

A NEW FIELD FOR CHURHWARDENS.—Maidment, a celebrated English horse jockey, the churchwarden of a rural parish in Kent, was absent from his duties one Sunday recently, with the leave of the clergyman. In the course of the day it leaked out that the absent churchwarden was in Paris, where he rode the horse that ran third for the Grand Prize.—*Suffolk Gazette.*

THE PROPHET AGAIN.—Dr. Cumming lectured recently on his favourite topic—prophesy—and divulged another singular discovery. The Marquis of Bute has given to the Pope 1260 sovereigns in the shape of Peter's pence; and Dr. Cumming declares that it is "marvellous to find that that precise number had been selected, because it represented, in the opinion of students of prophesy, the duration of the Papacy on earth." We fear we must add, "As the fool thinketh, so the bell tinkleth."

INTERESTING TO UNITARIANS.—A Swedenborgian named Parker is attracting some notice in Toronto by the relation of his curious spiritual experiences. He declares that he was taken up into heaven, which is divided into zones like the earth. The frigid zone is peopled by Unitarians, who wear lions' skins on their heads, tigers' skins on their bodies, and bears' skins on their feet, and ride in chariots of ice drawn by horses without any tails. How providential that they shall be so well wrapped up in their favourite cold clime.

TOO BAD OF THE DOCTOR!—The *Greenock Telegraph* tells us that, on Sabbath afternoon week, the eloquent minister of the West Parish, in his closing prayer, referred to the long-prevailing drought, and earnestly besought the Divine Giver of all good to vouchsafe some seasonable and much-wished-for rain. Immediately rain began to fall—the first for many weeks—and for a short time it fell like a shower bath. Meantime the church service having concluded, the congregation was dismissed, and then came the scramble for umbrellas. One lady who had no umbrella with her commenced to gather the skirts of her gown over her head before quitting the church vestibule, at the same time remarking to a neighbour, "Eh, wummun, isn't it too bad o' the doctor; he might hae lotten us hame first."

ROMAN CATHOLIC VIEW OF MILTON.—Father Faber, thirty-one years an English clergyman, says, "I spent a delicious evening at Fiesole yesterday, and not being, as I feared, tormented by a single thought of the execrable rebel and heretic, Milton. I confess many a scene in Italy has been marred for me by some officious friend reminding me of the godless Byron, and had I not yesterday been with a religious Roman Catholic family, I doubt not I should have been reminded of that worse child of the devil, whose grand poem is so horribly instinct with hatred of the Son of God, and blasphemy against his Divinity. Milton—accursed be his blasphemous memory—spent great part of his life in writing down my Lord's Divinity, my sole trust, my sole love, and that thought poisons Comus." There is a good deal more in the same strain.

HIGH AND LOW.—Mr. Spurgeon says that some of the London Baptist churches are very high in doctrine and very low in usefulness.

ARMY OR NAVY OF ZION.—A young man once told Dr. Bethune that he had joined the army of Zion. "In what church?" inquired the doctor. "The Baptist," replied the young man. "I should call that joining the navy!" returned the doctor.

MARRIAGE RINGS.—There is no evidence that marriage rings were used by the Jews; but, according to the legends of the monks, Joseph and Mary used one of onyx or amethyst. Of course it was discovered a thousand years after, and has since multiplied until the genuine ring is in the possession of several Catholic churches.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—Between Methodists and Unitarians in Meadville, America, there is the best understanding, of which the interchange of pulpit services is only a sign. In one of the Methodist churches of the city Mr. John Snyder, a member of the Unitarian graduating class, used, lately, by invitation of the Church, and for their benefit, his remarkable gift as a dramatic reader, in which he has few equals either on or off the stage. The Methodist Professors in Allegheny College have taken part in the ordination of Unitarian students, and Unitarian preachers have been asked to officiate as well in the Baptist as Methodist church.

CLOSEST COMMUNION.—Grace Greenwood tells the story of a queer ex-minister whom she knew in her youth: "He got into ecclesiastical hot water, came under censure, and was suspended from his church privileges. He took the discipline in a most unsanctified spirit; went regularly to meeting, always coming rather late, stamping up the aisle, and scowling around him in unconquerable defiance. On communion Sundays he actually brought with him his own bread and wine—the latter in a vial, suspended from his neck by a string. There could hardly be imagined a sight more shocking and, at the same time, ludicrous, than the stout, fiery old recusant, sitting bolt upright in his pew, eating from his little private store of bread and drinking from his "vial of wrath." This seems to me the closest communion on record. Taken in that way from the vial, the wine seemed to choke him; as, after a swallow, he always gave a sharp 'Ahem!' which resounded through the meeting-house."

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